

THE
PICTURE
OF A

High-Flyer.

A HIGH-FLYER is a Monster, with an *English* Face, a *French* Heart, and an *Irish* Conscience: A Creature of a large Forehead, prodigious Mouth, supple Hams, and no Brains: For Noise and Debauchery, Oaths and Beggary, are the Four Elements that compose him: His Arms are those of *Issachar*, an *Ass couchant*; of which the Two Supporters are *Passive Obedience* and *Non Resistance*. He seems to be descended from *Esau*; for he wou'd fain truck away an invaluable Birth-right for a *French* Kirk-shaw: He has so great a kindness for Popery and Slavery, that whenever they shall make a Match, he'll be sure to put in for a Brideman. But tho' some wou'd fetch his Descent from *Esau*, yet others, not without reason, run his Pedigree a great deal higher, and take him to be a *Noaddite*, or one of the Race of *Gain*, that wou'd fain be persecuting his Brother, meerly because he is more righteous than himself.

With respect to the State, a *High-Flyer* is a Caterpillar that devours every green thing in a flourishing Kingdom; and wou'd stab Liberty and Property to the Heart, that He and his

his Fellow-Bruits, like Beasts of Prey, might live wholly upon Spoil and Rapine. They are fit only to be Subjects to *Nebuchadnezzar*, when (bereav'd of Human Sense) he herded with the Wild Asses of the Desert. Tho' they boast themselves *English* men, yet they act in all things, as Antipodes to their Native Country; and seem rather the Spawn of some *French-Bongre*. They are a sort of Wild-Boars, that wou'd root out the Constitution, and break the Ballance of our happy Government, by rendring that Despotie, which is Establish'd, and bounded by Law. They are so certain that Monarchy is *Jure Divino*, that they look upon all People living under Aristocracies or Democracies, to be in a State of Damnation: And fancy that the *Grand Seigneur*, the *Emperor of Muscovy*, and the *French King*, dropt down from Heaven with Crowns on their Heads; and that all their Subjects were born with Saddles on their Backs. A right *High-Flyer* is as fond of Slavery, as others are of Liberty; and will be at as much Charge and Pains to obtain it: For he envies the Happiness of Canvas-Britches and Wooden-Shoes, extremely admires the Mercy of the *Inquisition*. He rails at *Magna Charta*, as the Seed Plot of Sedition; and swears, it was first obtain'd by Rebellion, and that all our Fore-Fathers were Fools and Rogues, and did not understand Prerogative. He wonders why People shou'd quarrel a way their Time at the Inns of Court, or what need there is either of the Common-Law, or the Statute-Book, since the Queen may at any time, with quicker Dispatch, declare Her Pleasure in any Point or Controversie; and each loyal Subject, he believes, is bound to acquiesce in it, on Pain of Damnation. Yet after all, his boasted Loyalty extends no farther than a drunken Health, which he drinks thrice to the young Gentleman's at *St. Germans*, for once that he drinks to the Queen's. He roars and swaggers, but does not serve the Queen. He promises Mountains, and by Lies and Misrepresentations, gives false Measures, but performs nothing: Nor is it the Cause, but the Crust that he barks for. He magnifies the least Successes of the *French King's*, but runs down the most signal Victories of the Confederates.

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With relation to the Church, a *High-Flyer* is either a *Crab-Protector*, that crawls backwards as fast as he can to *Rome*; or at best, but the *Cat's-Foot*, wherewith the *Romish Monkeys* claw the *Protestant Religion* till the Blood comes: One that does their Drudgery, tho' he has not always the Wit to feel it, and all the Wages he must expect, is *Polyphemus's* Courtesies, to be devour'd last. He is a *Flambeau* kindled by the *Jesuits*, and flung in to make a Combustion against us. He pretends high for the Church of *England*, but as he understands not her Doctrine, so he dishonours her by his lewd Conversation. What a pretty pious Confession of Faith it is to hear a bullying *High-Flyer* cry, *G ———— I damn me, I am for the Church of England, and all the Dissenters are Sons of Whores!* Indeed, the only Proof both of his Religion and Courage is, that he swears most frequently by that Tremendous Name at which lesser Devils tremble. His Christianity consists in cursing all those that he is pleas'd to call *Dissenters*; and he calls all such, that are not content to be either *Papists* or *Atheists*. His Tongue is always tipt with *Damn me* and *Forty one*; and so hot, being set on Fire of Hell, that he drinks Healths sometimes to the Pope, sometimes to *Perkin*, and sometimes to the *French King* six times in an Honour, to quench it, and then belches out *Huzza* as fast as Mount *Strombulo* does Fire and Brimstone.

He mortally hates *Occasional Conformity*, tho' himself can occasionally be present at Mass; and whilst he clamours at *Dissenters* for not coming to Church, he thinks 'tis Canonical enough to sleep over the *Lord's-Days*, to digest the Fumes of *Saturday's* debauch; or take a Walk in *St. Paul's*, peep in at the Preacher, and presently retire to the Tavern for a Whet of Dinner ————. If he happen to be of a more serious Temper, he is as superstitious a Bigot, as any in the *Romish Church*; and had rather have no Preaching, than that the Surplice shou'd be left off; and thinks his Child not Christen'd, if it be not done with the Sign of the Cross.

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He counts *Opus Operatum* sufficient; and if he have been but at Common Prayer, and made his Responses loud enough to drown the Clerk, and had the Parson's Blessing, his Task is done, and he is safe. It is a greater Abomination to eat Flesh on a Friday than to defile his Neighbours's Bed; and he abhors more not to bow at the Syllables of the Word *Jesus*, than to swear by the Name of GOD. He rails at the *Observer*, and calls him an Enemy to the Government, because he discovers the Knavery of those that abuse it——If you talk soberly to him of Religion, he slaps you over the Face with *Herefie*, *Schism* and *Faction*, and calls you *Confounded Whig*, and so you are confuted, Urge never so modestly, Legal Fundamental Rights, and mention Irregularities, tho' in a Place appointed to remedy 'em, he presently cries out, *Rebellion*, *Treason*, you *depose the Queen*, you *arraign the Government*: And yet himself makes nothing of arraigning the highest Judicature in the Kingdom, that of the most Honourable House of Peers, and will rail at the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, for throwing out the Bill against *Occasional Conformity*.

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